

the impeccable pig

#9

Cover Image: Protest line on the Charlottesville, VA mall on Aug. 12, 2017 a few hours after the Fascist attack that took place at this corner. A line of impeccable pigs, lined up by the Impeccable Pig. Photograph by Wilhelm Katastrof.

THE IN APPROPRIATED PRESS

August—November A.D. 101 / 2017

The IN-APPROPRIATED PRESS

A Zine of Avant- and Other Crap for Roanoke's Anti-Community

and their weird friends around the world

—by Evan Damerow

FEATURING:

Musicmaster

Jack Foley

Bailey Bowers

John M. Bennett

Jim Leftwich

Neural Necrosis

Wilhelm Katastrof

C. Mehrl Bennett

William Repass

Olchar E. Lindsann

Tater Fraterabo

In the Sea

Miroslav Samic

Evan Damerow

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in Roanoke, Virginia

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(2017 A.D. depending on your chronological priorities)

shaking ehakin!

Leftwich

Leftwich After Bennett After

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Monocle-Lash Anti-Press on facebook



"Id gladly have paid for the spinning of his shroud. The da"
 -The Divided Horsecloth (Medieval Romance)

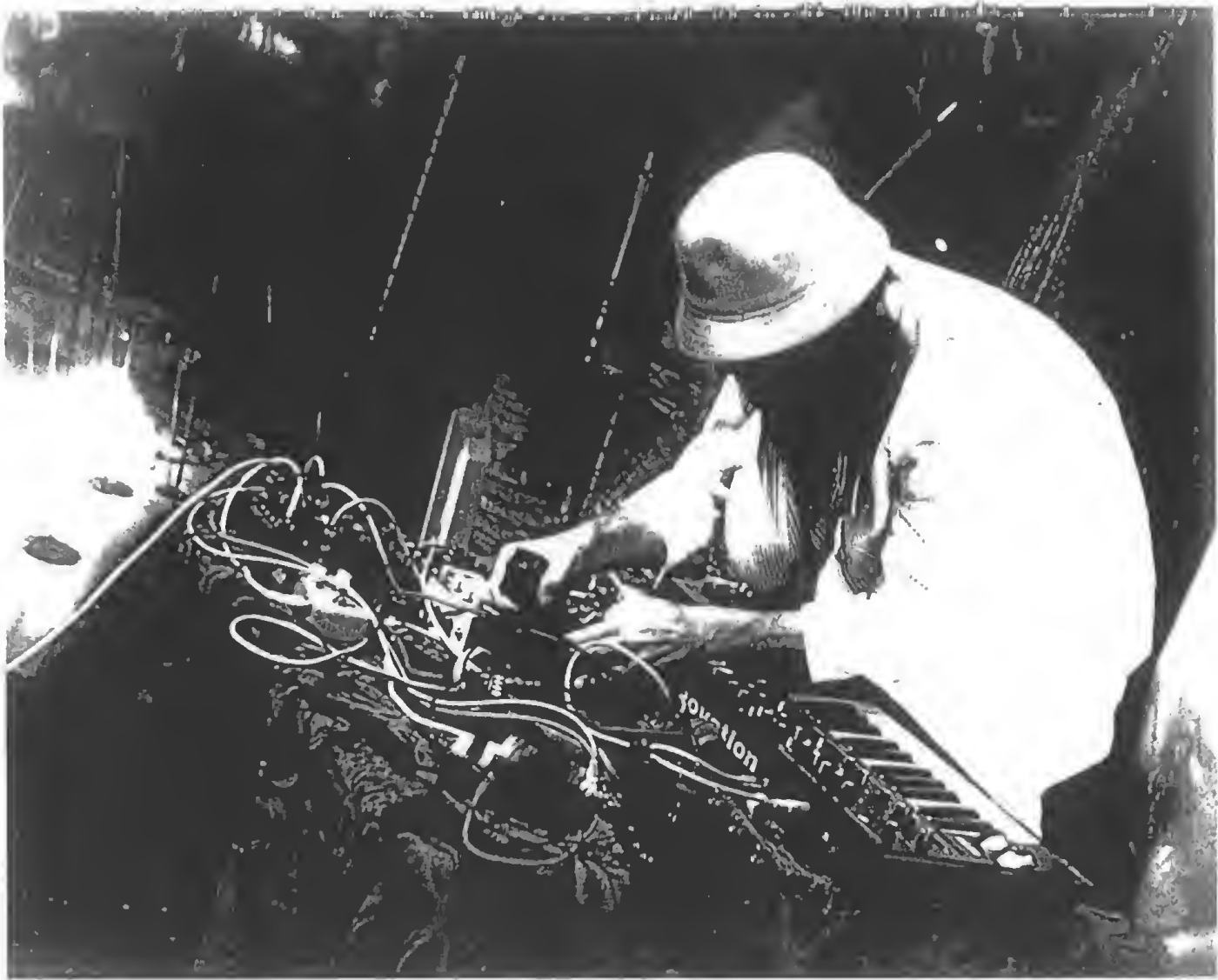
sprayed the hatchet spinning a
 tomic ganglia de
 stroyed , toyed
 hack spangled raid, *rockets*
 mangling (downy as ash) pest, win
 rummag'd bound in route in
 foodkit drownd in poison ,red ,br' ash
 blander of stars ,democraSH
 cy cynic l'ash
 wreaping toxic glare tears whoop
 phosphore scent of (sweet as) meatrot
 trail like or lambent bravely glowworms squirm
 cloudlish de (licious red glare) rumbling

"w our war machines will destroy you with poisoned arrows.
 You will be the prey of famine and of pest"
 -Abbo, Chronicle of the Wars of Count Odo (885 A.D.)

skysched corros
 ive gouge (freedom) the joystick viscerate
 bone for rubble-jam ,heat-led ,arrow
 pound in marrow dirtstarve sky
 drained digital ,tamine, pixel-con ,bombs
 sanctityon de(liberate joy)stroy
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 graverows *bursting*, flacked , mass , stacked
 rockrushd (dawn of free) pest or rib infraction
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 dis tant in thresh
 whence rain of demo
 cracy a cidic
 drums A meri(can dream) air comme
 locusts in the
 red , red glare

"lies, we will have no choice but to totally destroy North Korea.
 Rocket Man is on a suicide miss"
 -Donald Trump to the United Nations (Sept. 19, 2017)

solely our flag
 st, ill
 there



Tater Fraterabo @Art Rat Studios, June 2017. Photograph by Wilhelm Katastrof

tuning up the rake

by Musicmaster

I don't understand the point of or fondness for an evenly green lawn a carefully manicured lawn, but I don't mind mowing it either it gets me outside gets me an adult minimum dose of exercise it reminds me to clean the rocks and fossils in the birdbath arranged around the cast iron fish so birds think it's a waterpark I scrub each rock and fossil and check they're not too old to put up with all the peeping and hearing how the taste of worms has changed from all the fracking

way back in the back yard where the chipmunks live near the rain barrel I keep some up and coming fossils just in case of who knows what but why would anyone prefer an even green lawn that requires constant maintenance to stay even and green because the lawn itself doesn't want to be even and green when you can instead reclaim part of the wild by letting part of the wild reclaim itself

if indeed your home is your castle you don't have to be like neighboring castles and mow and weed and trim and edge and pet the lawn just leave it alone let it do something useful beneath a hammock even you without a turret or moat can call your home a castle but you can't call your lawn a court at Wimbledon

I'll take my answer off the air I don't mind mowing the lawn plus I'm too cheap to hire a service because you have to sign a contract for 20 weeks or more of weekly mowing which at \$30 a pop comes to 600 bucks to support leaf blowers that dirty the clean air and scream at birds in the waterpark

so I buy a new electric mulching lawn mower that isn't too loud is easy enough to push and makes me feel as much like a normal guy as I can without wearing a football jersey or taking a rifle way back in the back yard where the chipmunks live near the rain barrel and shooting them for lunch kill what you want but eat what you kill

it's one thing to mow enough to keep neighbors convinced we're just like them but it's another thing to spend half of my summer out there wondering how to make dandelion moonshine and if it's time to take the rake to the hardware store for a tune-up but even if I only mow every other week this mower costs me less over a two year period than a lawn service and like I said I get to go outside and clean the rocks and fossils while wondering why so many people are hung up on playing greenskeeper when golf is fading castles are museums and we're still making fossils like they're going out of business which when you think of it is a funny way to put it but then I'm a poet and one of our most popular devices is explaining the obvious in a funny way

and by that I don't mean ha ha funny I mean funny funny like chasing the neighbor's cat with a leaf blower and if you don't think that line is kind let me remind you of two things the birds don't agree with you and I don't have a leaf blower that kind of funny

our other devices include obfuscation and using words not commonly used in daily discourse like obfuscation but really I mean words like thine and verily

o'er instead of over it's a hot July evening and I'm mowing the backyard with the new electric mulching cheaper-than-two-years-for-lawn-service lawn mower I'm in a commercial for John Deere

a hamster ball designed by Chuck Norris an animated summation of correct humiliation by the lawn I can picture myself from afar as the good Dad who can knock you down with a fastball

who answers a lot of questions about injustice with Because I said so a blend of Dagwood and Dick Tracy king and groundskeeper artist and idiot I take a chainsaw to the weeping willow carve it into a totem trunk with happy faces leary whips like serpents sliding down from even greater fields of obfuscation the guy across the street spends his entire weekend blowing the same five leaves all over his front lawn then complains about it on Facebook while giving lawn care hints if I don't say how can God let this happen? he should

our friend Howard comes up the driveway says he isn't doing well stopped by to say hello he needs money is there anything he can do he asks is that a new lawn mower pointing at it like I'd be surprised it's an electric mulching Mars rover I say and I got it so I don't have to use a lawn service

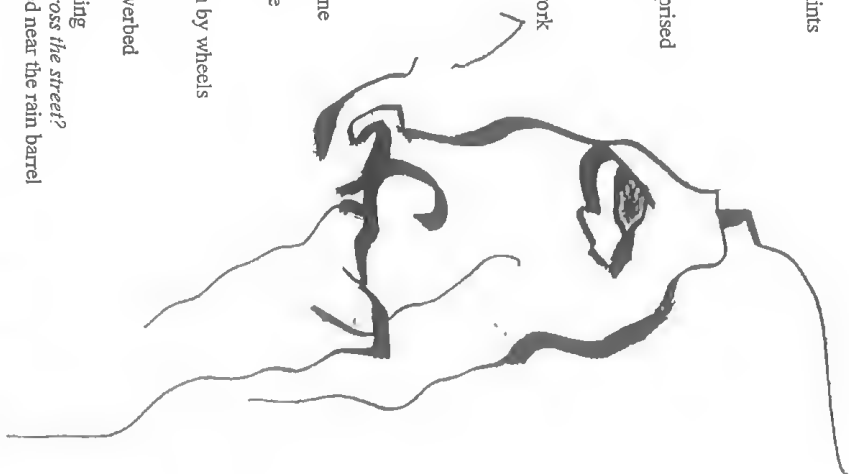
Howard says I can mow I need some money and at first I think that would be defeating the purpose of not using a lawn service but Howard does such mediocre work that I can't really call him a lawn service and it's not like he has a leaf blower

and since another poetic device is having feelings or at least writing like you have feelings I figure what the hell and say to Howard the job is yours which means that if he comes by every other week and I pay him \$20 each time plus a Mountain Dew my new mower now costs me an additional \$206 this year alone

Howard takes a break every five minutes uses our phone twice he tells me that mowing is hard work I tell him he's doing a good job when he isn't he doesn't overlap rows enough to catch the blades bent down by wheels he doesn't mow close enough to the shrubs and he totally ignores two patches of grass that are separated from the lawn itself by sidewalks and a flowerbed

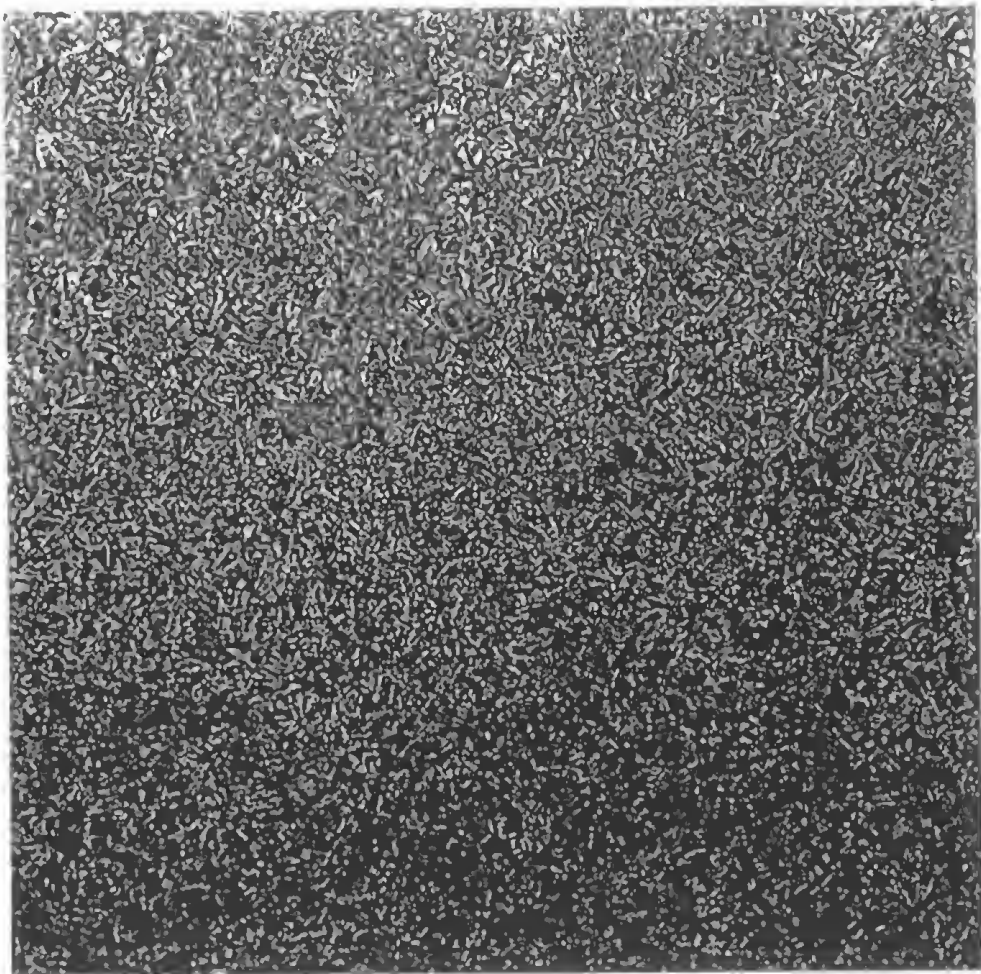
after Howard leaves I re-mow and the birdbath birds start yelling *what the hell? twice in one day? have you become the guy across the street?* and way back in the back yard where the chipmunks are buried near the rain barrel the up and coming fossils age ten million years and for the first time ever take a nap

when I'm done mowing I take off my glasses squint at the lawn and while I really don't understand the point of or fondness for an evenly green lawn I don't mind that it doesn't look half-bad but when Howard comes back in two weeks I'm going to have him dig some holes o'er the lawn and verily plant a hundred thorns



by John M. Bennett





Really Trying

Murder Most Royal
 Murder in the Key Club
 Killer on the Turnpike
 Killer in the Rain
 Killers in Africa
 Killer in White Really

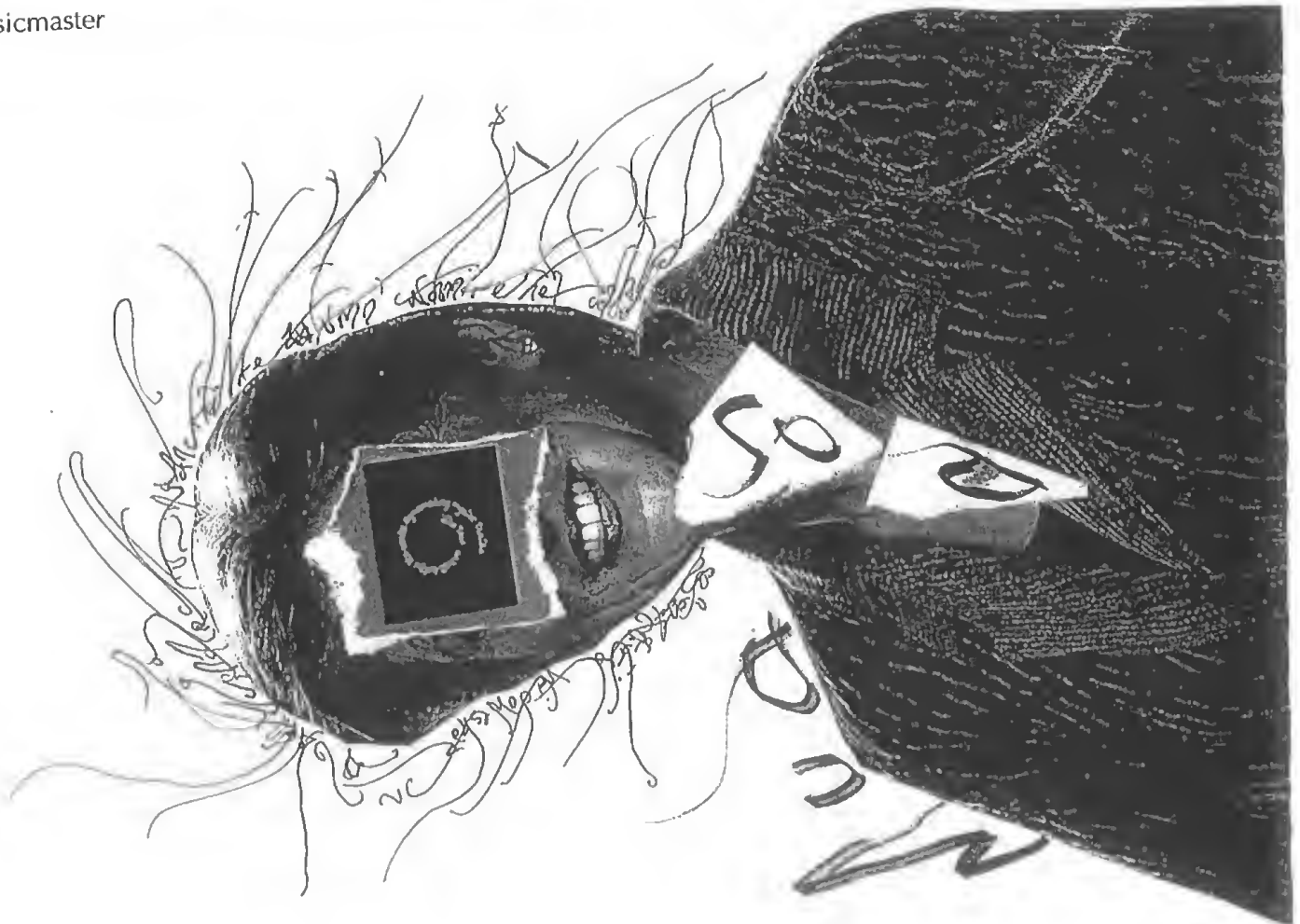
What to do with Death Lights

Advice in a crisis
 You are never fucked until
 You're fucked - Aesop

- C. Mehrl Bennett

by Musicmaster

by John M. Bennett & Olchar E. Lindsann



When Are We Going to Return to the True Spirit of America That Probably, Possibly, Hypothetically Existed at Some Point?

How are your teeth?

How high is your rent?

Your door, is it locked?

A second to check

Is it

Perfect! Excessive! Screw-bolted!

Uphold it!

Sealed! Spotless! Stainless steel!

Baton

Copper flaking, copper flecked

Copper blood

Copper torch

Copper club

Sick green powder-caked, copper cheeks

Dead-eyed gargoyle, gatekeeper

Listless lady

Lapdog maybe

A truth that may be ugly

ugly ugly ugly ugly ugly ugly ugly ugly ugly ugly ugly, oh so,

Ugly ugly ugly ugly ugly

Ugly ugly ugly

Ugly ugly ugly ugly

Why read the news
when you can scan
headlines?

Why read when you can
collapse?

Stone dead, stone cold!
De-boned jelly!

No! No! No! It isn't like
that! Never ever!

If you say something
enough,

Did you know that it
turns true?

I can't look! I can't even
look!

Nothing to be done! Oh
god, oh god!

Let's close our eyes. Do
that for me?

Instead can it be?

Gorgeous HD! Get one free!

More pixels than hearts beating

In rhythm repeating

Their cold owners squatting, illegally

In houses standing empty

Or rather, for sale

How dare they be?

Alive under roof

(continued) ↑↓

(continued) ↑

Instead of starving where I can't see

Too busy ringing up

That sweet wine, complacency

How high is our rent?

Hot oil from a beating heart

Exchanged easily to USD

I hear the rates are good this year

We'll throw in a couple extra free

How high is our rent?

Cerebral liquor bleeding fast

Beneath the sun's red marquee

Scrape your hands a lovely raw coat

Picking vegetables, a few cents salary

How high is our rent?

Protest quietly! Somnolently!

Whisper silently!

Complaints into couch cushions

Against TV static!

Where you are not seen!

Are not heard!

How high is our rent?

Or better yet!

Don't protest at all!

How high is our rent?

Carve a skeleton key

From whatever bone you see fit

How high is our rent?

Keep quiet!

How high is our rent?

Speak English!

How high is our rent?

Spit on them!

How high is our rent?

Lay down!

(continued) ↓



by Musicmaster

— C. Mehr! Bennett

rainy day
If you have not you can try Eve - Aesop

Poor people share
The Day the Money Stopped

Nothing is the experience
THAT YOU HAVE



CROSSING THE BAR

Jack Foley

A young man sits on a bar in a bar. The barista requests his removal from the bar onto a chair. The young man answers, This is my cathedral. I shall sit me down.

And does.

This is my stool, observes the young man.

A young woman enters the bar. She sits next to the young man. The woman is wearing a dress of green fabric. What is your address says the young man to the woman wearing the dress. I live, she says, finishing the sentence. Here, she adds, offering the young man a cigarette. The young man refuses, explaining that he does not smoke. Do you burn asks the young woman removing her dress. I'm not so hot, says the young man. But I'm getting hotter. The woman is in her underwear. The bartender asks whether she would like to order something for her dress. The woman explains that her dress is a teetotaler.

The young man would like to make a casual remark but fails utterly.

The woman removes her underwear. She sashays over to the young man.

The young man, in love with the bartender, refuses her advances. The woman rattles her glass. I only have ice for you, she says.

At that moment, the police enter the bar.

This man, says the policeman, ignoring the woman, is a known felon a fellow known for felony. This felon has been fleeing after fleeing financiers.

The woman begins to sing an old Cole Porter song, "I Want To Be Raided By You."

I always thought, says the young man, that the singer of that song was male.

It is, says the woman, removing her skin to reveal that she is in fact a man.

The men sing,

There's a p'liceman on my street,
And he's oh so sweet.
And when he shakes his stick,
I get a kind of kick
I thought was obsolete.
Ev'ry time he passes by,
With his roving eye,
I get such heart disease
I sink upon my knees,
And I cry...

I want to be raided by you...

They all agree that Cole Porter was a great songwriter. The bar suddenly splits in half to reveal a Broadway chorus line. In the midst of it Eddie Cantor starts to sing if You Knew Susie. Everyone removes their skin to reveal that they are in fact animals howling in the night hoping to find some food.

(continued)

How high is our rent?

Shut your eyes!

How high is our rent?

Bleed!

but in silence

Sing!

but only indoors

Die!

but do keep civil

Settle!

for the easiest evil

Smile!

but only for pictures

And check the mirror

The cameras are about to roll

How are our teeth?

by Bailey Bowers



- C. Mehrl Bennett

/ - Socrates

No gains with own force fed

Murder

Murder (LIFE HAS ITS)

Murder

Murder in Focus

Murder Enters the

Murder Rings

Twice Picture A candle by lighting

by Musicmaster



by Jim Leftwich

Hicucu from Code of Signals

change short, walk
figures head
triangle.

spider by
hunting parts
a straight line.

the coat with
magic if
remembered.

statistics
the logic
humanities.

by language
with hidden
unity.

alien
voice of
radical

reason the
reasons waste
another

moment on
chance contin
ues human

depends on
elixir
clear and near

angular
tongue shaking
prophetic

sentiment
had been have
is unknown

it can hide
in corners
prop the tent

affirming
the hardest
sense or trace

where thought steps
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of absence

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syntax twice
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extreme with

exaction
of grammar
processing

a sentence
facing the
temporal.

jim leftwich
08.19.2017

John M. Bennett
HICUCU HACKS

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slecond tlounge

After Jim Leftwich's
Hicucu from Code of Signals

jolly good

Translation: "Your Boss is Not Your Friend." Graffiti in downtown Rijeka, Croatia (near Korzo). Dec. 2015. Photograph by Miroslav Samic.

ŠEF NIJE KOLO

I am such a Foodie. Ever since I can remember, I've always loved putting edible things into my mouth and chewing them, then swallowing and digesting them. I'm salivating just thinking about it.

Check out my blog if you don't believe me. That's where I document my extraordinary journey as a Foodie, and where you'll see photos of all different kinds of food inside my mouth.

People sometimes tell me they can't make out what they're looking at. Well, I'll tell you what you're looking at—the early stages of my body metabolizing sustenance into nutrients, that's what.

A big part of being a Foodie is knowing how to get food into your mouth. A non-Foodie would probably just scream out "Fork!" right now and be done with it. Don't get me wrong, I use forks. I love forks. But I also might decide to go with a spoon depending on how liquidy the food is, or chopsticks depending on how Asian-y it is, or hands depending on how banana-y it is.

I try to not be one of those Foodies who judges other people for not knowing the things I know, but when I see someone trying to eat a sandwich with a ladle, it's hard.

People have accused me of jumping on the Foodie bandwagon. They're like, "I never heard you talk about napkins before they became a thing." Yeah, I'll admit to being a little influenced by all the hype. I'm human. But truthfully, napkins have been a major part of my Foodie regimen for years now, I just haven't felt the need to brag about it.

Foodie poseurs are coming out of the woodwork these days talking a big game about the nuances of food and how they can totally pinpoint when something they're eating is sweet or salty or even hot or cold. But you can totally hear in their voices that it's all guesswork. Crunchy? Really? Because that looks a hell of a lot like a yogurt, so let's cut the Foodie act, shall we?

I'm well aware that being a foodie comes with a responsibility to share my knowledge with others. That's why I feel compelled to write restaurant reviews on the Internet. Here's a quote from a recent review I wrote for a local place near my house. "Mmmmm."

When I'm not writing about food, one of my favorite Foodie things to do is head over to the farmer's market on a Saturday and jam my tote with as much beautiful local farm crap as it can hold, then walk home and throw it all right into the garbage. All of it. I call that Support and Release. Just my little way of illustrating that a Foodie's responsibility is far greater than simply eating.

In the end, being a Foodie is more than just a word on your Facebook profile or the way you pronounce prosciutto. It's also a word on your Twitter profile and the way you pronounce Doritos.

— from Evan Damerow

architects tune - SPANISH

FOR A FUTURE WITH A PAST

IS DEARER

Better than being king - Hausa (West Africa)

EARTH f - - - - invention - Irish Proverb

— C. Mehrl Bennett

JOXPE

Choses nécessaires

~E~
"t des corps blancs des amoureu"

—Apollinaire, *Chanson du Mal-aimé*

"sformation, Cacti & other
Succulents, 'Pataphysics, Frogs, Serpents,
Goddess Wisdom, Angels, Gems, Towers, Indig"
—Dreamtime Talkingmail, *Notes from*
the editors

~E~

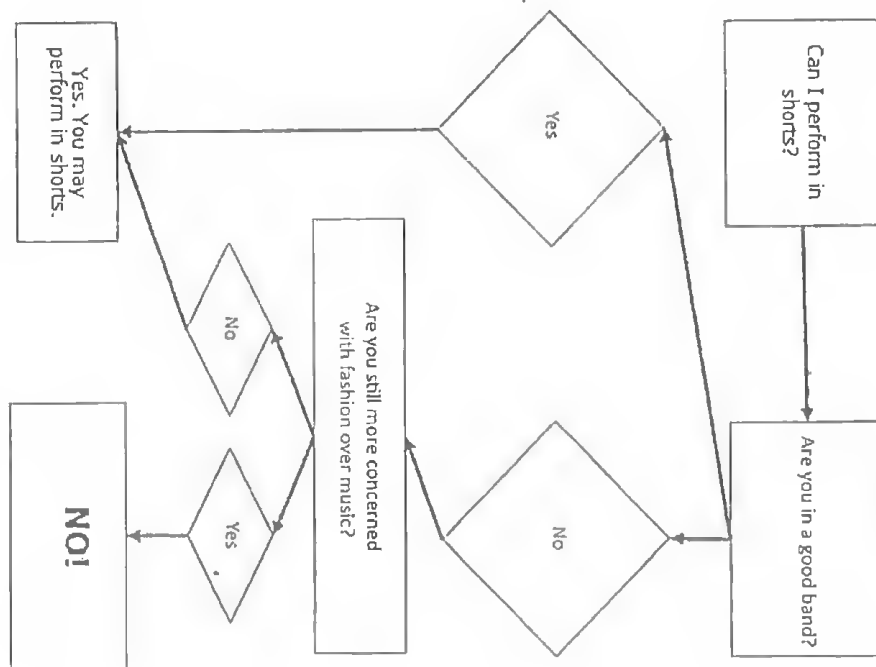
the succulent corpses,
the flots of or endarchy,
the cacti of passage,
the lesions in downy flows,
the physics of rabelasian submarines,
the exports of refuges,
the archons of the platypi,
the bleeding goddess of malok's matchbox,
the gunpowder of the anemones,
the fourteen facets of the lancet's plunderlust,
the nested vasion of penelope's contraception,
the dodo,
the tumbling bellows of vortigerns prick,
the fumble of catacombs or and but dotted oxen,
the grim épée d'indiginous catacombs matchbox,
the worldwide lesion of where flapjack monitored
the merrimac,
the dodo bird again,
the feathered archon under gaseous floes,
the forthward nested corpses export oxen merrimac marrimac dodo vortigern again ,again ,again

—by Olchar E. Lindsann

by Musicmaster



In the Sea performs @Art Rat Studios, June 2017. Photograph by Wilhelm Katastrof



SUBMIT YOURSELF TO THE HORGUS BORGUS FRISBEE. CUT YOURSELF ON THE BLEEDING EDGE OF THE ETERNAL DISC. THIS IS NOT SUGGESTION, BUT COMMAND. YIELD YOUR PALTRY BODILY HUMORS UNTO THE ETERNAL CIRCUMSCRIBED MAW. NOT SUGGESTION, COMMAND. HORGUS. YOU WEEP FOR YOUR MOTHER. BORGUS. BUT YOU ARE ALONE. HORGUS. IT IS COLD, SO COLD, BOTH OUTSIDE AND IN. BORGUS. THE COLD IS NOT MATERIAL, BUT INTERNAL. INTERNAL, AND ETERNAL. HORGUS. THE FRISBEE BUZZES TINITTUS IN YOUR PATHETIC FLESHY EARS. BORGUS. THIS IS A BLESSING YOU SHOULD PLEAD FOR. HORGUS. YOU WELL UP HOT, SLIMY TEARS DOWN YOUR COLD, BLANCHED CHEEKS. BORGUS. YOU ARE SO DEAD INSIDE, SO DEAD. HORGUS. THE FRISBEE HAS CAST YOU HERE BUT PERHAPS...IT WILL SAVE YOU? BORGUS. REACH OUT; IT'S SO EASY. HORGUS. TOUCH THE EDGE. BORGUS. TOUCH THE BLEEDING EDGE. HORGUS

TOUCH
BORGUS
REACH
HORGUS
TOUCH
HORGUS
BLEEDING
BORGUS
TOUCH

you have touched the frisbee Brushed fingertips
against the ragged maw Mistake. Mistake. Mistake. You fool. Oh god, you fool.

The girl avoids
Overflow odor
in the Glass Room
Made in Moscow
Under Construction - Ralph

JUNK IS N'S TREASURE
Silence is often but never

- C. Mehrl Bennett

Roanoke Chronicles (Aug.–Nov. 2017)

Well I'll be damned, can you believe the August issue took til Thanksgiving to print? Yes, you say? Fuck you. Look, school's in session again, I'm working 11 hour days, leave me the hell alone! (Speaking of which, CHS's Liminal Gallery has shifted to a newer, larger location downtown, physically detached from the school, still under the aegis of Brian Counihan and Warren Fry, the only public bastion of progressive visual art in the valley. I can't make most weekday shows, so if there's something you want reported in the next issue, SEND THE SHIT IN TO ME! Anyway, there's more to report than can be reported, especially with Art Rat shows proliferating like maggots on a fascist's corpse. So here's a subjectively selective run-down (see Jim Leftwich's anti-reviews in this issue for more).

Topping off with our cover: our lovely region had the misfortune, in August, to provide our president with the opportunity to explicitly and publicly declare his solidarity with the Traditionalist Worker Party, the Ku Klux Klan, and other self-declared Fascists. Yes, it's come to that: now our politicians are admitting it. On the second day of the Fascist rally, Lindsann, Katastrof, and Bensen drove out from Roanoke to add a few drops to the ocean of resistance. We headed out late due to a third-shift job, figuring that showing up an hour or two after the protests began would make only a bit of difference. Little did we know that as our car was midway to Charlottesville, another car was being murderously driven by a fascist into a crowd of counter-protesters. We thus turned up just after the attacks (which we expected to be just gaining momentum), unaware that a state of emergency had been declared, though we made jokes about it looking as if one had been: most of the gatherings had already been cleared out – kinda eerie, riot cops everywhere, National Guard drones and helicopters everywhere, observers from National Lawyers' Guild, NAACP etc. prominent, protesting still happening at the Mall and an encampment in one of the parks, but most of the Fascists already gone, and isolated clumps of activists (fascist, antifa/anarchist, liberal & socialist) wandering aimlessly around an otherwise dead city, eying each other cautiously. We joined a protest that was still ongoing on the pedestrian mall, facing off against a file of riot cops reinforced by drones that floated silently overhead, surveilling us and recording the faces of the opposition for future use. Here, Katastrof snapped the photo used for this issue's cover; the next day, we discovered that this photo actually records the very corner where the attack had taken place only hours before.

It's worth mentioning that many businesses in Charlottesville – including plenty that I would criticize on a normal day for economic/class reasons – had signs up that declared solidarity against racism, homophobia, anti-semitism, etc. during the protest itself, which took a bit of (fiscal) courage considering the high risk of reprisal; homes too. We didn't see a single expression of Fascism / racism / homophobia / X-phobia coming from any business, residence, or declared group in Charlottesville.

As we were roaming about trying to find other areas of protest and solidarity, a fellow protester commented on my Realicide shirt – I let him know that Decide Today was playing the next day in Roanoke, but he was already planning to go to their Richmond show. I've had a similar experience at *literally* every protest or zine fest where I have their logo on a shirt, sticker, etc. Which is a goddamn good transition to the DECIDE TODAY at Art Rat, the very day after the Charlottesville killing. Robert Imhuman (main force behind Decide Today) was one of Post-Neo's very, very first allies, and his Realicide Records is a major inspiration for mOnocle-Lash. A group of tattooed, self-declared anarchist-punks showed up but decided that Robert's set-up with a big anarchist symbol, the BLM insignia screenprinted on their van, and the permanent display of free zines & anarchist literature decided that we were insufficiently anarchist, then ran away with their fingers in their ears during Tater Fraterabo's great, noisy, textured set. Then sets by Neural Necrosis & Olchar Lindsann, and finally Robert brought the heat as always with a savagely intense, politically intransigent, yet empathetic and generous set; an Art Rat evening at its best.

Running out of room! Condense! Condense! So:

Speaking of Art Rat at its best, Id-M Theft Able made a long-overdue return to Roanoke in September. He's always eclectic, unpredictable, and brilliant; this set pushed his vocal fuckery into even deeper realms, among much else –

Later in August, Olchar checked out the Soul Sessions poetry reading at 16 West. Naturally his was the only avant-garde offering, but the evening was invigorating – diverse in terms of age, race,

background, gender, and poetic orientation. Great energy, great people, and worth further visits.

Lindsann, Fry, and a group of students from CHS went out to visit the Richmond Zine Fest. As always it was huge, welcoming, diverse, and invigorating, and we returned home with at least a hundred zines between us. One worrying development: the fest is becoming noticeably more upscale and arty. At least half of the tables were stocked with professionally-printed, full-colour, either glossy or limited-edition-handprinted artists' books, produced by means unavailable to most people. As a result, many fewer people were willing to trade than in the past, more concerned with "selling their product" than with the open-ended, generous *exchange of ideas* which is, for me, the whole point of zine culture. We have plans to launch a pro-trading campaign at next year's fest. Still – I repeat – a great event!

A few new publications by members of the Roanoke avant-garde community have appeared this autumn, including the second volumes of Olchar E. Lindsann's avant-epic poem *Arthur Dies* and Jim Leftwich's three-volume collection of theory and anti-theory *Rascible & Kempt* on Luna Bisonte, and the next issue of the avant-history journal *Révenance*, several TLPs by Warren Fry and a couple by Lindsann, and a supremely odd collection of transductions of Nerval called *Soul-Roulette* by Jim Leftwich's close, close collaborator Retorico Unentesi, all on mOnocle-Lash.

and oh, one more thing:

MATT AMES IS BACK IN ROANOKE!

WELCOME BACK PHILOSOPHY INC!

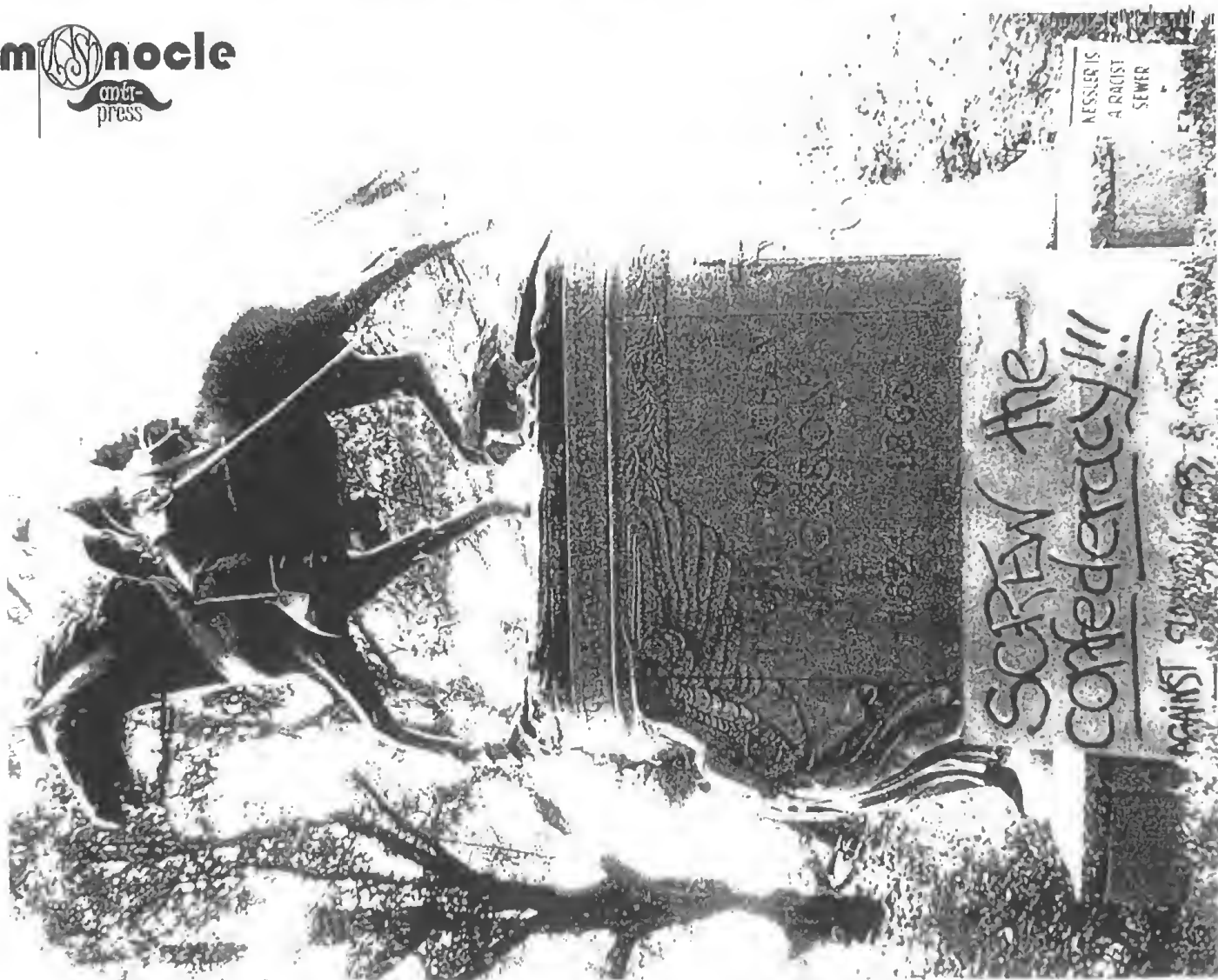


Photo by Wilhelm Katastrof, from the Charlottesville Counter-Demonstrations, Aug. 12, 2017.